The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

august 2025

# 14th Anniversary Issue

Bly
Blue
Juliesse
Madrigal
Trilling
Liberty
Stormcrow
Trump

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- **Ballad of a Russian Soldier's Wife** Our hearts may break reading this searing poem of survival and deep sadness.
- **Waiting for Cremation** Jullianna Juliesse reminds us that death may silence us, but it doesn't end us.
- **Ode to the Extravoxellic Polyregurgitation of Rezzification** Art Blue waxes poetic as only he can. Pixolous monolith and its phantom collider; be forewarned.
- **Inner Dancer** Merope Madrigal focuses our attention not on some advertiser's bait, but on the joy of being who we are.
- **The Iron Numbers** As he always does, Shadow Liberty pays the closest attention to dancing light beams.
- **Caretakers** June Stormcrow reaches back to her own roots, conjuring up her Irish ancestors.
- **Flying Monkeys** We reprise from yesteryear a wonderful poem by Mariner Trilling, who takes aim at the flying monkeys.
- **Windmills** Our President, Donald Trump, has some poignant thoughts of windmills, never so well expressed.


**About the Cover:** In this month's issue, we celebrate the 14th anniversary of rez's first issue in August 2011. Our bouquet of roses happens to depict 14 rosebuds to remind us of each year of our publication. We dedicate this issue to the poets, present and past, who challenge us to think and feel.

# In Memoriam

In this anniversary issue, we remember
these writers, artists, and organizers.
All of you have made our community
richer through your talents and commitment.

May your memories be eternal.

Serene Bechir
Circe Broom
Cat Boccaccio
Zymony Guyat
Mucaro India
Pale Infinity
Nebbisk Oh
Joy Pinklady
Fred Ronzales
Stosh Quartz
Silas Scarborough
DearstLuv Writer
Graylon Ash

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Editors' Note

A rose is a rose is a rose.
-Gertude Stein

A rose by any other name would not smell as sweet.
-William Shakespeare

Dearest Readers:

Once upon a time, on a warm summer evening in 2011, a group of friends gathered under pixel stars to contemplate a shared vision of showcasing the myriad and vibrant creations – literary, musical, and visual – that flourish in SL.

Our ragtag group of writers, artists, photographers, graphic designers, and social media mavens.had collaborated earlier that year through a now-defunct publication called Palais.

When that journal folded, we found an opportunity to reemerge and create something truly special, something entirely ours. On that starry starry 2011 night, the working name for our project was Chrysalis.

The golden pupa of rebirth and transformation, the unfolding of multicolored wings.

We made business plans, sold advertising, begged countless sim owners to place vendors at all of the key gathering places for the arts.  It was a lot of work, and we still marvel at the fortitude of that founding team.

However, after much consensual deliberation, we ultimately became rez: making magical things appearing. Re-rendering the unrendered. Giving voice.

So, friends, here we are 14 years later. For this anniversary issue, our team wants to celebrate a singular aspect of SL arts: the richness of the Second Life poetry community.

Welcome to our first-ever all poetry issue!

Many of you may be familiar with these authors; some may be encountering them for the first time. We humbly invite you to engage with their voices, and to explore the many opportunities to engage in community around the arts.

After all, that's what SL is all about?

We hope you've enjoyed this journey. We certainly have!

With gratitude,

Jami Mills, Publisher
Jullianna Juliesse, Guest Editor

# Ballad of the Russian Soldier's Wife

## A Cautionary Tale (Brecht updated)

Nellie Bly

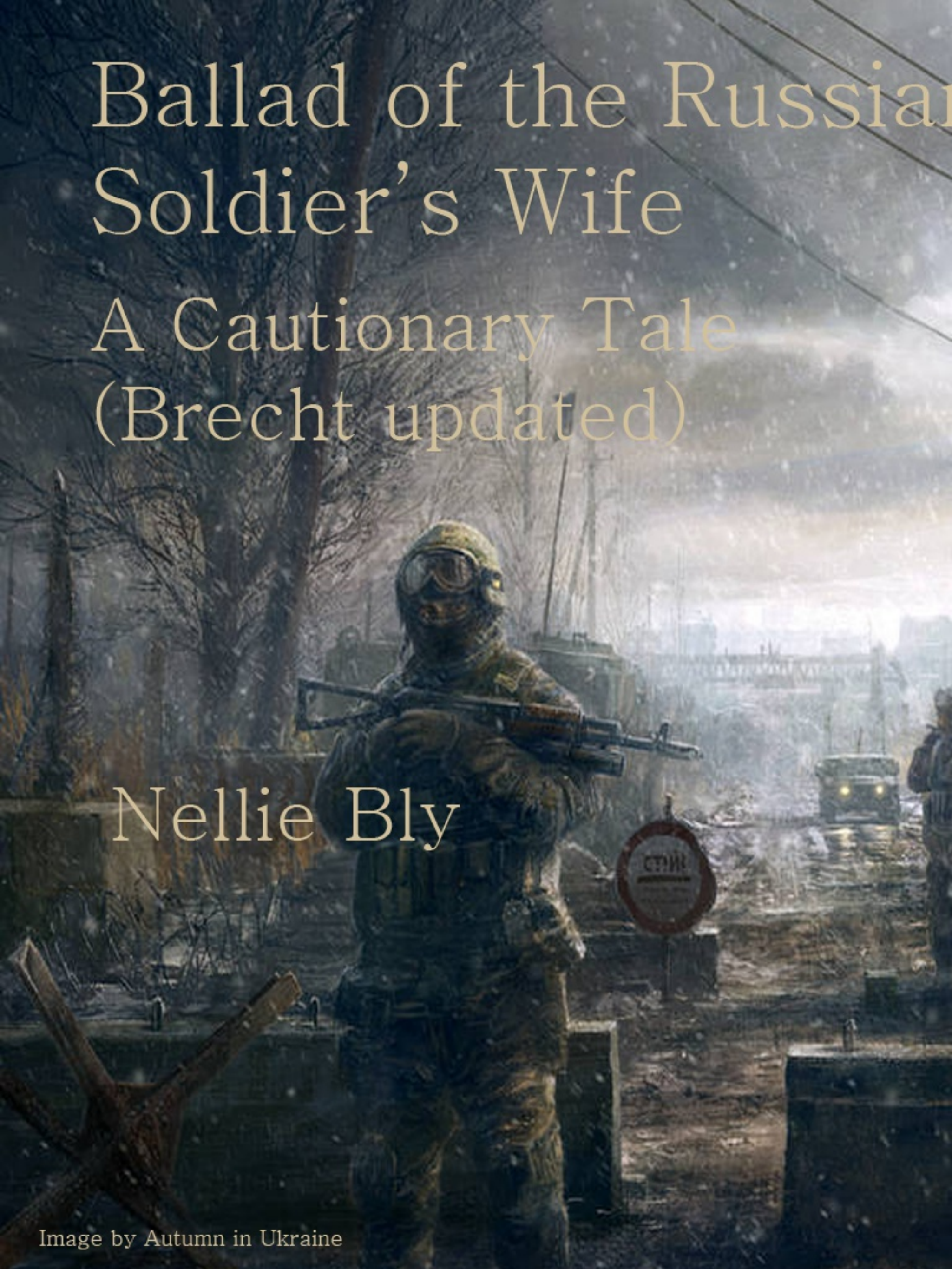


Image by Autumn in Ukraine

n

And so what did the soldier's wife get
From Grozny in Chechen land?
From Grozny she got a rosewood guitar
Compliments of the musician, her rosewood guitar
"Spoils of war, the best are made by hand."

And so what did the soldier's wife get
From Syria in the Middle East?
An Aleppo mosaic jewelry box
Embroideries and matching socks.
"Gifts and glory, my dear, to say the least."

And so what did the soldier's wife get
From far Afghanistan?
A hand-painted Buzkashi Tableau
That looks so much like a Picasso.
"Gifts and glory sound just like a plan."

And then where did the soldier's wife go
With her international passport?
A Crimean first-class airplane seat,
Military life just can't be beat.
"One winters in a warm Black Sea resort."

And then what did the soldier's wife get
From Kharkiv in Ukraine?
A handy dandy washing machine
To treat his wife just like a Queen.
"Hand-washing's such an awful pain!"

And then what did the soldier's wife get
From Bucha in the capital Kyiv?
From Bucha she got a posh silk dress
The neighbour's jealous, she's dressed to impress.
"Gifts and glory; oh, you'd scarce believe!"

A delivery for the soldier's wife
From the strategic city Bakhmut:
From Bakhmut, a letter…
"Stay safe at home, forego the loot
Gifts and glory are no substitute."

photo by kenneallyfunerals

# Waiting for Cremation J

ullianna Juliesse

There is no perfection in death.

This is not the final picture of me,
the Greek chorus that was my family,
gazing down, hissing—

*adulteress, lousy mother, heretic.*

False poses, opaque makeup,
stiff hands coaxed loose by the mortician,
pink rosary beads strung in mute prayer
through pale wax fingers.

Florid lilies and heaps of hydrangeas
stand watch, alongside cheerful tulips.

I am visited, prayed over.
My head propped on a satin pillow,
the double chins more prominent,
the red lips stitched shut.

This is what everyone wanted.
I am finally mute.

Son, I tell you this while I still breathe–
Place the rough grey gravel shards of me
into a hummingbird-adorned urn,
into the damp warm earth, alongside my mother.

# Ode to the Extravoxellic Polyregurgitation of Rezziffication

by Archivist Reluctanta Textura Basch Light UUID E
(aka Art Blue)

The question might rise if this poem meets the gold standard of r*ez Magazine* or if it falls more in the category of Vogon poetry, we know from Douglas Adams's, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*: "Oh freddled gruntbuggly, thy micturations are to me As plurdled gabbleblotchits on a lurgid bee…"

*Ode to rez* is brought to the world by Archivist Reluctanta Textura Basch Light UUID Endeavour - in short Art Blue, the Bearer of Light in Folders Unopened, Third Class Scribe of the Grand Lag on board of the Vogon constructor Business End.

Listen to the *Ode to the Extravoxellic Polyregurgitation of Rezzification*, in short *Ode to rez*, by voice artist Vanderspeigle on https://on.soundcloud.com/6BZpKp7kQ08IF5I4ku

on (or Ode to rez)

ndeavour

image by Alex Brox Reality

Oh clankflapper nodes of dithered despair,
Where plarp-bloated prims float mid-lagged air,
I summon thee, Gridspawned artifact sludge,
From the voxel-void’s quantum gurgle-mudge.

Behold! The sacred Rezzing hath begun,
A cube! A sphere! A poorly-aligned gun!
With blorp and schplurm I clicketh the tool,
Beholdeth thy birth, oh object so cruel.

Scree-thap the textures, misaligned like doom,
Slap on scripts with a bloated OOM!
Inventory tantrums, folders dismay,
Where did I put that sculpt from yesterday?

Oh, pixelous monolith! Twitching with might,
You hover, then vanish, then rezz again—right?
Your phantom collider defies all space,
I stub my toe in a non-existent place.

Thrice-cursed is physics, baked not nor done,
I scream at the mesh like a broken sun.
Still I endure, noble and grim,
Wielding the Rez Tool on a polygon whim.

So, raise now the lag with ceremonial clicks,
And chant to the gods of buggy UI tricks.
For in every prim, though ugly and bent,
Lurks art… or something vaguely unintent.

# Inner Dancer

Merope Madrigal

photo by nylonfan65

What if today was the one day when dancing
naked was duty and you are always dutiful?

Would you sway, slow and sinuous
in your mind even though your body
can't make those moves anymore?

Or how about shaking and shimmying?
Let the tremors move your folds
and quake your flesh until you ache
from unaccustomed inertial resistance.

Let's celebrate the glory of living
with no more judgment
or distaste at a person who sees life
differently than we do.

I cannot remove the ravages of time
from my skin. The rolls, scars, and softness
mark me in ways I should be proud of bearing,
and not shamed by the ideas of a beauty industry
that tells me there is only one way to look.

My hair is not full of melanin and bounce,
this is the colour of maturity and is glamourous
in only the way an older woman carries glamour.

My face is not smooth and fresh
with the dew of new. These furrows and folds
explain the depth of emotion and reaction
that only a life of sorrow and happiness,
worry and relief, regret and accomplishment can draw.

Revel in your imperfections and enjoy life.
If that means you need to change to feel good,
make the changes! If you are glad and ok
being who you are, then explode with the joy
of knowing this is you. No matter what you seem
and what you show, just for today, dance.

Dance those steps that make you remember being human
and how lovely that humanity makes you.
Be more than the blood pounding in your veins!

Now when your heart syncopates with the drum,
the earth shakes at the beat of your feet,
while you paint a tattoo of bass notes and happiness
just for today, because today, no one judges how you dance.

# The Iron Numbers

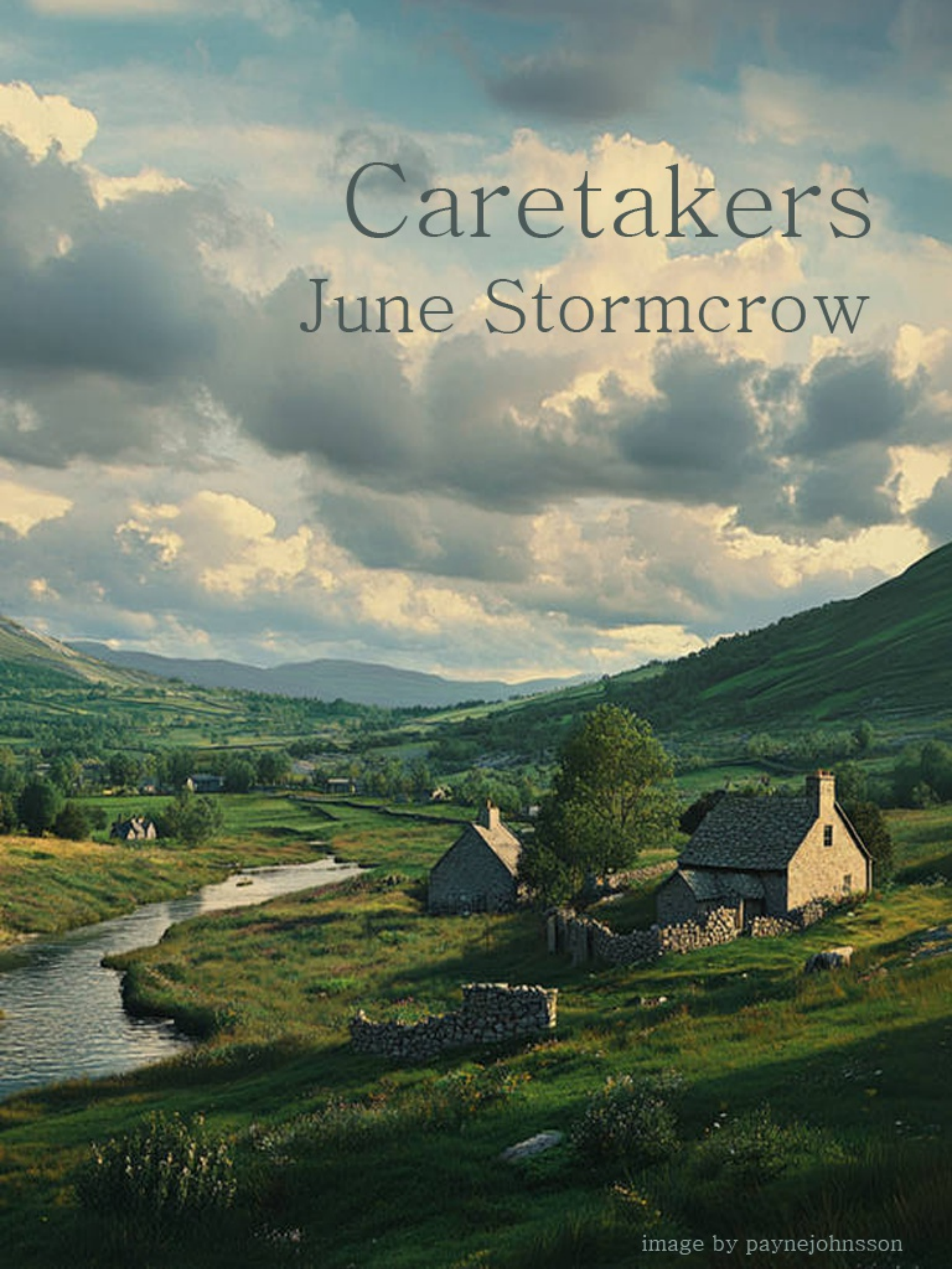
# Shadow Liberty

Photo by E-DinaPhotoArt

The iron numbers
left of the door
and the refraction of the
tapestry of gilded squares
with a halogen cascading
on the white petals
tinted with rose
kissing the fingers
of the cherry tree
reaching for that
thin light sprinkled
through the clouds.

# Caretakers

June Stormcrow



I am Irish, red hair, pale skin.
The Welsh takes it further, takes it in.
Tell me one thing you remember about me -
I've not sailed across the sea.

Reap an award, hold your breath.
My ancestry's a mystery death.
The sun can shine, my eyes can't see -
my great-grandmother who was free.

A society that liked to shock.
Those bold ladies who weren't knocked up.
This latency, this unborn creed -
eats those who forget to breed.

Take me, break me, it's all the same.
I'm genetically disposed to rain.
Neurons fire, branching trees -
connections flutter then cells freeze.

Floundering, foundering, train switchback.
A bitter voice I'm determined to crack.
Summon the strength of your ancestry -
an upstanding caretaker, a generation's needs.

# Flying Monkeys

by Mariner Trilling

Sometimes I'm walking down
the yellow brick road of life
and everything's going fine.
The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day,
Then I look up into the clear blue sky and see hundreds
of flying monkeys heading my way.
These aren't cute little squirrel monkeys
or funny chimps that do tricks.
No, these are big ugly flying apes sent by some bitch,
uh, witch out West.

They just want to screw up my life.
The want to see that I get no rest.
They show up at the worst possible times
like I am being interviewed for a great new job.
The guy likes my resume.
Then here come the flying monkeys.
They burst into his office, start trashing the place,
jumping on furniture, throwing papers on the floor.
The guys hands back my resume and says, "you're not
what we're looking for."

Those damned flying monkeys.

I'm on a dinner date with a beautiful girl
I think she really likes me.

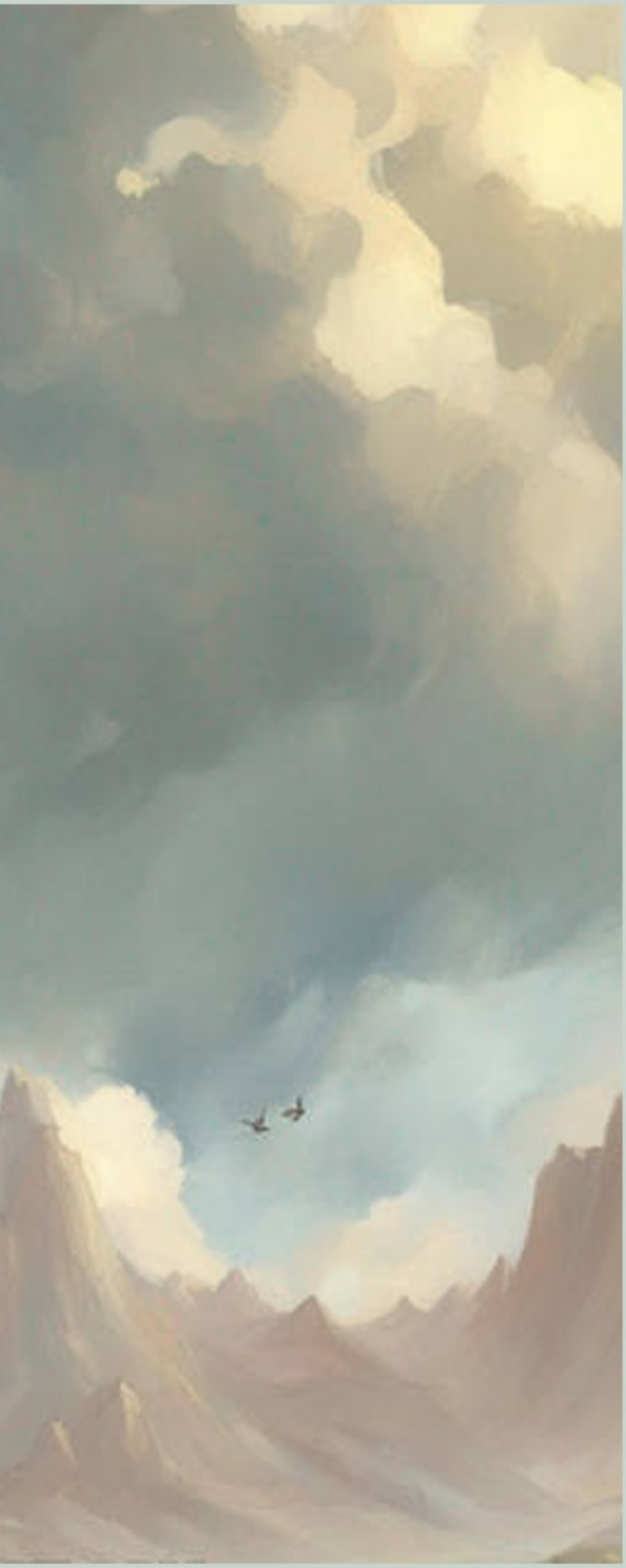
We're eating, we're laughing, we're talking,
we're having fun
then holy crap, here they come.
Flying monkeys swarm from the sky.
They're pulling her hair.
They're eating her fettucine with their furry paws.
One of them's throwing poo!
My date shrieks and flees shouting,
"Don't call me again. I don't ever want to see you."

Those damned flying monkeys.

If I had my old shotgun, I could take out three or four.
But there would still be hundreds more
and bloody monkey guts all over the floor.

If they didn't exist, if they weren't real
I could live a life of ease.
But you just can't have a yellow brick road
without some flying monkeys.

image by phil6691



# Windmills

# Donald Trump

I never understood wind.
You know, I know
windmills very much.
I have studied it
better than anybody else
It’s very expensive.

They are made in China
and Germany mostly.
—Very few made here, almost none,
but they are manufactured, tremendous
—if you are into this—
tremendous fumes. Gases are
spewing into the atmosphere.

You know
we have a world
right? So, the world
is tiny
compared to the universe.
So tremendous, tremendous
amounts of fumes and everything.

You talk about
the carbon footprint
— fumes are spewing into the air.
Right? Spewing.
Whether it’s in China,
Germany, it’s going into the air.
It’s our air
their air
everything — right?

A windmill will kill many bald eagles.
After a certain number
they make you turn the windmill off.
That is true.
—By the way
they make you turn it off.
And yet, if you killed one
they put you in jail. That is OK.

You want to see a bird graveyard?
You just go.
Take a look.
A bird graveyard.
Go under a windmill someday,
you'll see
more birds
than you've ever seen
in your life.

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